5.

A

CONGRATULATORY Pindaric Poem,

For His Majesties Safe Deliverance from this Hellish and True PLOT.

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lord *Dunblaine*, by *C. P.* Gent.

Vicimus, ô magnis tandem exaudita piorum
Voca Deis, nunc alma salus, nunc sæcula curat
Jupiter. —— Barcl. Arg.

TEll me, ye Great Divinities;
Who dwell beyond the distant, and the arched Skies,
Since you their Reign with Peace, and Love,
Tell me why our Earthly *Jove*
Should so unhappy in his Subjects prove?
Can it be a Punishment
Which you from Heaven have sent
T' inflict on him that's Innocent?
No, no, it cannot be
It lessens your Divinity,
To send down Ills, upon the best of Men,
And give the best of Princes so severe a Reign.

II.

But hark! methinks I hear
In th' ambent Air,
A ſound, that grating ſtrikes my Liſtning ear,
Which ſays the King muſt die,
Nay inſtantly,
Oh horrid and unheard of Blaſpemy!
Look down, look down, thou mighty Thunderer,
Who'ſt ſtill took care,
To ſave, and to protect, thy great Ambaſſadour;
See where he lyes
Deſign'd the Peoples Sacrifice,
Whoſe cruel minds ſo Diſobedient prove,
The Government they all deteſt, as much as Treaſon love,
And if they had the Power, the Rebels wou'd
Once more imbrew their hands in their own Sovereigns Blood.

III.

Quit, quit, ye great Controulers of the Skies,
Your happy Pallaces,
And ſuddenly detect their damn'd Conſpiracies;
Let not this Nation, which ye once thought dear,
Neglected lye, but hear her prayer,
And now once more deſcend, and pitty her,
Unite her every part,
And to that Union add a Loyal heart,
That the great *Maſs* may joyntly move,
Abroad commanding Fear, at Home creating Love.
Then; then; we'll drain the Land from putrid Blood,
And admit none, but what are Juſt and Good,
Here Innocence alone ſhall Reign,
And Loyalty and Peace admittance have again.

IV.

But now, and only now unhappy Iſle;
On whom in former times the Gods would often Smile,

And pour their Bleſſings down,
Upon the obedient People, and the gentle Crown,
Then; then; how Love and Peace,
With Luxury and Eaſe
Were joyn'd, as if they'd never part, or ever ceaſe,
But now Sedition does o'reflow
This once bleſt Land, though ſinking now,
Sedition, with ſo black a dye,
It aims at nothing leſs than Majeſty.

V.

Thus the bold Sons of Earth
Made their Attempts at Heaven, that gave 'em Birth.
The Gods themſelves they did defie,
Aſpiring to command even deſtiny.
Mountains on Mountains ſtill were upward thrown,
Whoſe towring height did almoſt reach the Sun.
Thus did they think to ſhake *Jove*'s great and glorious Crown,
Boldly they did their firſt Attempts perſue,
For mounting, at the Gates of Heaven they flew,
But to late found
Their Bodies, with their Work, lade level with the Ground.
This fate to the bold Rebels then was given,
This Fate had Lucifer who fell from Heaven,
Thus may all ſink from Earth to Hell,
Like the damn'd falſe *Achitophel*,
Who dare againſt th' Almighty, or their Prince Rebel.

V I.

How often have the Fatal Siſters had
Orders to cut the thread,
On which did hang the Fate
Of *Charles* the Juſt, the Good, the Great.
How often in his Childhood did they run
To force the high born Youth from's Throne;
All this and more than this was done,
For that great Crime of his, of being his Father's Son.
Then Angels were from Heaven ſent,
Who did thoſe threatning Ills prevent,

Who

Who ſtill maintain him in his Royal Seat,
And guard his Perſon, and ſecure his State.
Oh may theſe heavenly Guards for ever be
Sufficient to protect him to Eternity.

VII.

But where's the *Atlas* of our ſinking State,
Kelyn the Juſt, the Fortunate?
Kelyn the Firſt, that ever cou'd
Singly preſerve the Land from Blood,
And at one time, ſerve Country, King, and God.
What ere he did ſtill Conſcience was his Theam,
All his Confeſſion ſtill from Conſcience came.
Now, in the higheſt Sphere he ſure may move,
Fam'd for Religion, Loyalty, and Love,
Let him Juſt Heaven, for ſure from Heaven he came,
In Life be Happy, and when Dead, in Fame,
Let him, whilſt here below, from us receive
All that a Land ſo much oblieg'd can give.

VIII.

Now; now; to Heaven let's offer up our Prayer,
And thank th' Almighty, our Deliverer;
Let's never ceaſe
Our Sacrifice,
'Till with our Incenſe we have fill'd the Skies;
Through ev'ry Mouth let thanks be given,
To that great Power above, that rules both Earth and Heaven;
For by his Providence alone
Our King and Land's preſerv'd, and Crown:
Oh! may Great *Charles* for ever be
Secur'd againſt their Trechery!
May he Live long, and happy Reign,
And Peace be once brought back again.
May Treaſon and the Traytor have an End,
And t' Hell, as to their proper Center, tend.
Thus may each Subject happy prove,
And *Charles* be happy in each Subjects love.

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